

ESSAYS
ON
GAMING
IN

An Epistle to a young Nobleman

——Avidos vicinum funus ut aegros
Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit:
Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria saepe
Absterrent vitiis.

HOR. SAT. 4. LIB. I.

Hunc servare modum nostri novere libelli;
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

MARTIAL. EP. 33. LIB. X.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the YEAR M,DCC,LXI.
(Price One Shilling.)

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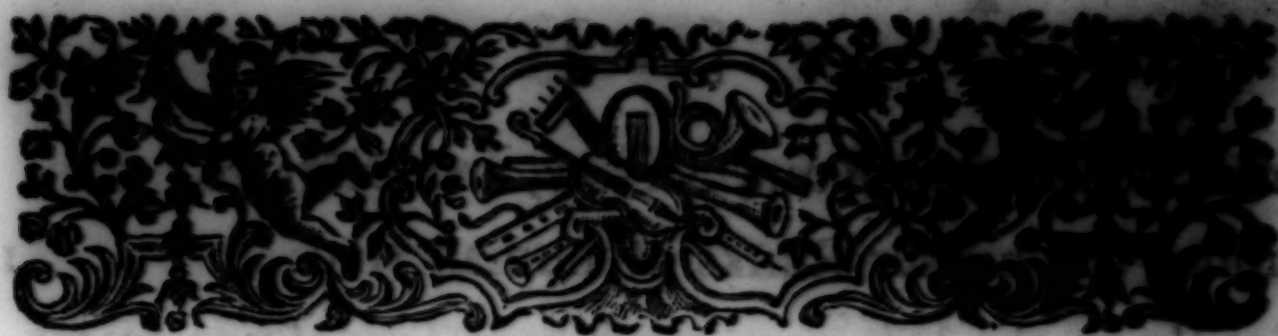
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A N
E S S A Y
O N
G A M I N G.

MY LORD,

THE Third illustrious GEORGE we find,
Like Great *Vespasian**, form'd to bless Mankind;
From him each Muse unerring Goodness draws,
And lenient Mercy temp'ring rigid Laws.
To him Religion fled, and found Support,
And now, by Virtue guarded, dwells at Court.

Too long has *Gaming*, propt by Mode and Taste,
Laid Riches, Honours, and Distinction, waste;

From

* Titus Vespasian.

From hence what Ruin, Sorrow, and Disgrace,
 Among the higher Ranks of human Race ; 10
 Nor 'scape the lower——mark how Tradesmen smart,
 And curse *New-market* with a bleeding Heart.
 No Wonder Bankrupts weekly crowd Gazettes,
 Since Drugs or Pistols often frank the Debts
 Of lavish Gamesters, when undone by Bets. 15 }

But hold——Sir *Aimwell* speaks——“ What foolish
 Rhymes !

“ Are Men of Fashion bar'd ev'n trivial Crimes ?
 “ What ! must they live like Methodistic Seers,
 “ And, whining, shed frail penitential Tears ? 20
 “ Thanks to my Parents ! I was early taught
 “ To banish worst of Ills——intruding Thought.
 “ Hence Cards on Sundays are my chief Delight,
 “ A Church and Parson would my Soul affright ;
 “ Of Graves and cold Mortality they smeli, 25
 “ Nor can I bear to hear the tolling Bell.”

Perhaps, Sir *Aimwell*, you'd devoutly pray,
 Were Cards permitted on the Sabbath-Day ?

Pray

" Pray ! (he replies) most fervently I wou'd,
 " Destroy but once the inauspicious Brood ; 30
 " I hate the fable, gormandizing Race,
 " Their selfish Doctrines, sanctify'd Grimace ;
 " Ev'n *St. John's* Candour, Learning, Wit and Sense,
 " Collected, gave this *liberal* Band Offence.
 " Whose Modes of Faith from Age to Age descend, 35
 " Which Fools receive, because the Knaves defend.
 " While Superstition veils weak Error's Shrine,
 " And trembling Crowds believe what's hid, divine.
 " By all my Joys, I think the Pow'rs above
 " Who shed o'er *Nature* their divinest Love, 40
 " Have left Mankind their Lives and Fortunes free,
 " To be dispos'd of as they best shall see.

Line 36. *Which Fools receive, &c.*] Sir *Aimwell* has not only adopted Lord *Bolinsbroke's* Religion, but his very Phraseology ; for Fools and Knaves are the only two Classes into which he has divided the whole Race of Mankind, from *Adam* to *St. John*. It may admit of some Dispute in which Class his Lordship must be rank'd : As a Minister of State, the Knaves have a Right to him : As a Philosopher and Divine, the Fools have already claim'd him as their High Priest. *N. B.* Fool and Knave are often given in the same Breath by my Lord.—I only mention this, that Sir *Aimwell* may not have the Merit of the Discovery.

" Then

" Then why, why burst the monumental Tomb,
 " To shew a poor, self-murder'd Gamester's Doom ?
 " 'Tis like a Bigot's impotence of Head, 45
 " To scare the Living with your Phantoms dead.
 " Read but his Epitaph, and there you'll find,
 " *Here lies interr'd the best of Human Kind ;*
 " *The fondest Husband, Parent, Brother, Friend ;*
 " *Perfect in Life, Exemplar in his End.*" 50

What ! shan't we tear Examples from the Grave ?
 Tear, tear ten Thousand, if bad Men they'd save :
 As well might Cowards triumph in the Dust,
 And Truth not pluck the Laurels from their Bust.
 Gibbets, unmov'd, each vile Assassin saw, 55
 Till made, when hang'd, Anatomies by Law :
 Now the fell Villain, ready for your Life,
 Shrinks at this Thought, and trembling drops his Knife.
 Self-Murd'ers claim the Legislative Care,
 And ought long-lasting Infamy to share.

But

Line 59. *Self-Murd'ers claim, &c.*] Perhaps some may think *would be*

For their sad Crime does stricter Laws demand,
 Which stains the Virtues of this happy Land.
 Gross Food, thick Air, a cold inclement Sky,
 Are not the Cause so many rashly die;
 But Vice, Profuseness, modern Unbelief, 65
 Despair, high Play, and Pride that spurns Relief:
 These are the Causes which distract the Mind
 Of Braves to God, to Nature and Mankind.

But now, my Lord, a Female Party View,
 All prone to Av'rice, and to Gaming true. 70
 See here *Aminda* sporting Wealth and Fame,
 Ye Gods! how keenly she pursues the Game:

that the present Laws against Suicifm want no Amendment. How comes it then that the daily Papers so frequently present us with Instances of this dreadful Crime? Does it proceed from the Relaxation of those Laws, or from the Increase of Luxury, Infidelity and Gaming? In a Word, nothing should screen the Corpse of the Suicide from Justice, but his being an acknowledged Lunatick before he made himself away.

But was a Law made (similar to that against Assassins) to have their Bodies deliver'd over to the Surgeons for Dissection, so many Persons would not perhaps destroy themselves with so much Calmness and Deliberation.

Despising

Despising all the tender Ties of Life,
 A lukewarm Mother and a fiery Wife.
 (Her Comfort !-----He, poor Man, is left alone, 75
 Like *Niobe* to weep himself to Stone.)
 Ah! deaf to Prudence, deaf to Virtue's Call,
 A Sacrifice her Beauty soon must fall ;
 No Fortune can her Vanities supply,
 But golden Mines some Ladies have-----in Eye; 80
 Doubtful ev'n now her boasted Honour stands,
 As she takes Presents from improper Hands.

Approach, my Lord, and let us just survey
 That Corner Table, so immers'd in Play :
 The conscious Horrors of a luckless Deal, 85
 Lo! dear *Belinda's* pensive Looks reveal.
 Say, what's the End of all her Toil and Smart ?
 A broken Fortune, and a broken Heart.
 Now pale, now flush'd, her clouded Partner fits,
 Wriggling her Chair and taking Snuff by Fits. 90
 Quickly

But in this strange, irrational Employ,
There's certain Mis'ry, and precarious Joy !

Here fits *Haughtilla* with her anguish'd Mein,
Playing but Guinea-Whift to kill the Spleen ;
Of either Hand she takes a tranfient Look, 95
And who condemns her Play ?----She plays by Book.
Alas! she trembles---- O! fupport her Head----
The faded Rofes from her Cheeks are fled.
No wonder now----fince her Opponents call,
And lo! three Honours on the Table fall. 100
Hey----quick a Card into her Glove she flips,
And then affectedly her Coffee fips.
But hark !----she now afferts the Deal was loft ;
And as the Cards are in Confufion toft,
Her falling Glove the paltry Fraud reveals, 105
When ev'ry Tongue with Rage and Cenfure peals :
Farewell to Honour, and adieu to Fame,
Erafce----fie, Scandal ---she's a virtuous Dame.

But

But turn, my Lord, and *Delia* now behold,
 Foaming with Anger----a tremendous Scold ! 110
 How Passion changes her bewitching Face,
 Where blooming Beauty shone with smiling Grace !
 You say, What caus'd this most prodigious Heat
 In one so soft and languishingly Sweet ?
 O nothing-----but *Sharpilla* pull'd down four, 115
 Without Permission, from my Lady's Score.
 Hold, Sir, 'twas wrong her Counters to assail,
 For best of Memories, God knows, may fail.

Julia with these an ample Fortune lost,
 By adverse Cards for ever, ever cross'd. 120
 The modish Town at her Misfortune smil'd,
 And kinder yet, her spotless Fame revil'd.
 But still she hop'd, from Friendship's sacred Tie,
 For Pity, Comfort, and the kind Supply.
 Yet soon her Friends in seeming Tears withdrew, 125
 And bade (she little thought) their last adieu.

They

They kindly left her in excessive Grief,
 To feed on Hope---poor Soul!---a cold Relief.
 In vain she writ, in vain she breath'd her Woes,
 Her greatest Friends were now her greatest Foes: 130
 And if the Lawyer had obey'd Commands,
 To Gaol they'd dragg'd her by atrocious Hands.
 Indeed, a Lord deplor'd her mournful Case,
 And offer'd largely---for a soft Embrace;
 But when rejected, his Resentment rose, 135
 And what he hinted --ask---for Scandal knows.
 At last---O cruel Scene of rash Despair!
 She tore her Garments, and dishevel'd Hair;
 Then rashly div'd in *Rojamonda's* Stream,
 Where Maids no more of Cards, or perjur'd Lovers
 dream. 140

Of *Julia's* Fate beware, ye Virgin Throng,
 Like you, she once was happy, fair, and young.
 Gaming, at least, sinks Honour, Fame, and Wealth,
 Wastes Time, sours Temper, and evap'rates Health.
 But

But Cards are best from further Thoughts declin'd, 145
 'Tis these, that spoil your yet uncultur'd Mind;
 Veil all your Charms, from Envy, Spight, and Rage,
 With Frowns and Wrinkles, and the Hues of Age;
 Strike ev'ry Limb with Tremor—Head with Pain,
 And all your shining Virtues blast or stain; 150
 Nay, more provoking and destructive still,
 Rob you of Conquests, and of Sov'reign Will.

All the long Night let rev'rend Relicts play,
 And part, like guilty Ghosts, at Break of Day.
 With livelier Joys ye blooming Nymphs engage, 155
 And leave Avidity and Cards to Age.
 To *Hymen's* Offers prove supremely kind,
 You were for Love's domestic Scenes design'd.
 Let antient Ladies undisturb'd embrace
 That pretty Fellow—the triumphant Ace. 160
 Since of the Gods they but devoutly ask
 For Cards propitious, and the Cordial Flask.
 By Time's cold Hand of ev'ry Charm bereft,
 They have no Passion—but for Lucre left.

Alas

Alas ! pale Spectres ! how ye rove about, 165
 And turn to Charnels, ev'n the gayest Route :
 But when your Cheeks with borrow'd Roses bloom,
 You rob the Sexton and defraud the Tomb.
 Yet know, 'tis Virtue makes old Age admir'd,
 And not the Beauty that with Youth expir'd. 170

But stop one Moment—and relate the Lives
 Of modish Dames—those admirable Wives !
 Breakfasts, Sights, Visits, Auctions and the Park,
 Employ their Morns with Fribbles or a Spark.
 Then curling, painting, dining, railing, toasting, 175
 And of their wond'rous Bargains loudly boasting,
 Steal all the intermediate Hours till Sev'n,
 When lo ! for Play, the joyful Signal's giv'n.
 From Route to Route, from Drum to Drum they
 bound,
 Bet, game and squander all their Money round. 180
 But when the last, last ling'ring Party's up,
 Tir'd and worn out, they Home return to sup;

Line 179. *From Route to Route, &c.*] Drums, Routs and Hurricanes are fashionable Names for Card-Assemblies. A Drum is when a Lady has six Tables at play ; a Route, twelve ; and a Hurricane, twenty.

Where

Where, having fipp'd a little burnt Champaign
 To quiet Conscience, tho' alas in vain !
 They fly (how early !) to their Confort's Arms, 185
 With rufled Tempers and with faded Charms.
 But Heav'n forbid that we approach their Beds !
 Calm beat their Hearts, and easy lie their Heads !

O fay ! if Beauty, Honour, Parts and Fame ;
 All that can give the Head or Heart acclaim ; 190
 All that can Life improve, or Taste refine,
 Fall not a Sacrifice at Gaming's Shrine ?

From Infancy to Life's laft quiv'ring Sand,
 Poor *Charles's* Play-things tremble in our Hand :
 To little Master, who can fcarcely creep, 195
 Nurfe deals the Cards ; they play 'till he's afleep.
 But Parents ought to chufe Amusements fit
 To nurture Genius, and to ripen Wit ;
 For ev'n Diversions might, like Learning, tend
 To form the Manners for the nobleft End. 200

Line 194. *Poor Charles's Play-things, &c.*] Cards were invented in 1390, to divert *Charles VI* of *France* in his lucid Intervals. But it is remarkable, that what was at firft intended to relieve, has ever fince been the principal Caufe of fpreading Madnefs.

Ere

Ere my young Lord is taught to read and write,
 Of many Games confests'd a Master quite :
 Why should he run the Gauntlet of the Schools,
 Nurs'd from the Breast in *Hoyle's* scientick Rules ?
 Rules that thro' Life he'll study more and more, 205
 'Till his great Tutor's Genius he'll adore.
 To cramp his tender Intellects with *Greek*,
 And crabbed *Latin*, fit for Monks to speak,
 Might spoil his Genius, nay his Manners Spoil,
 While he gain'd nothing for his Time and Toil. 210
 Teach him to keep his great Estate from Debts,
 By weighing odds, and hedging doubtful Bets.

Right, cries *Mamilla*, what has he to do
 With all that-----what d'you call 'em ?----- *Classic Crew* ;
 No, let him learn to fence and dress in *France*, 115
 Perform a Solo, Game, talk *French*, and dance.

Ladies can best our Education plan,
 Their own's so perfect-----they'll accomplish Man !

What

D

What vast Oeconomists they daily grow,
 And ne'er for *Scotch-Cole*, Cards and Wax-Lights owe.
 But blessed Times we happy *Britons* see, 221
 When Wives for gaming boast so good a Plea!

The *Cbinese*, skill'd in all the Arts of Trade,
 Of wag'ring Wives have long a Practice made ;
 Patient as *Job*, at Play they never fret, 225
 Ev'n tho' they lose this lovely precious Bet :
 Still to prolong the Table's votive Joys,
 Rather than break up- ---stake their Girls and Boys.

Line 220. *And ne'er for Scotch-Cole, &c.*] This alludes to the Servants often finding *Scotch-Cole*, Wax-Candles, and Cards, out of the Money left under the Candlesticks.

Line 223. *The Chinese skill'd, &c.*] “ Notwithstanding the excellent Constitution of the *Cbinese* Government, which teaches all the Rules of Civility,
 “ the People are far from being remarkable for Humanity and Integrity.
 “ Tho' Gaming be forbidden to Persons of all Ranks, it does not hinder the
 “ *Cbinese* from playing so long till they have lost all their Estate, their Houses,
 “ their Children, and their Wives, which they sometimes hazard on a Card ;
 “ for there is no Degree of Extravagance to which Avarice will not carry them :
 “ But they take great Care to conceal their Gaming.

O Sons of *Mammon* ! introduce this Mode,
 And ease the weary Husband of his Load ; 230
 Establish'd once——(no Lawyer at the Bar
 Would wanton with the Woes of Civil War,
 When the connubial prov'd a barren Bed,
 Or budding Antlers pain'd his Lordship's Head.)
 Then would the Bucks abominate their Lives, 235
 And marry quickly——why?——to bet their Wives.
 For who would hesitate, when Cash ran low,
 To lose both Wife and Children at a Throw ?
 Then would the Ladies often change *their Dears*,
 Without Drops, Drams, or Beauty-fading Tears,
 Or running thro' the Gantlope of Laws, 240
 To fatten Proctors, with a luscious Cause.

Gamesters are nigh ally'd, all o'er the Globe,
 As rich as *Cræsus*, or as poor as *Job*.
 Mark! how young *Musbroom* emulates the Great,
 Tho' in a Stable lies——his chief Estate :
 His House embellish'd in the finest Taste 245
 With Pictures, Bustoes, Books and China's grac'd :
 Look

Look up and down, what Kindred, Pomp and Show,
 The Cielings glitter, and the Carpets glow.
 Rich Viands frenchify'd perfume his Board,
 With these he tickles many a sporting Lord.
 But grant his next *Newmarket* Run be great,
 His Service then shall vie with *P--b--m's* Plate. 250
 Thus Pyramids of Gold, acquir'd by Play,
 Like Rocks of Ice, melt Drop by Drop away,
 Tantivy now he rides a desp'rate Heat,
 And tott'ring fits, upon his arduous Seat ;
 O save him, Fortune,—hear his votive Call, 255
 O never, never, let thy Hero fall !
 He will no Deity but thee obtest,
 While with thy *Honours*, with thy *Trophies* blest.

At honest *A*****'s ever be enroll'd,
 The Men oppress'd by Poverty or Gold ; 260
 For these combin'd, the Ways of Heav'n instill,
 And the full Fountain feeds the murm'ring Rill.

But Play's the Rock on which we shipwreck Time.
 And is Time founder'd but a venial Crime ?

Life's

Life's precious Moments would not quickly fly,
 Could Cards insure our Immortality :
 Allow'd ;----Why does kind Heaven such Gifts dispense
 As Reason, Judgment, Conscience, Wit and Sense ? 266
 Since ev'n an Idiot's Wisdom-wou'd suffice,
 To play at Games of Chance, and cast the Dies.
 Ah! vain to hope ! eternal, bright Rewards,
 Reserv'd for Folly, and a Life of Cards. 270

For half an Age our Navies o'er the Main,
 Became the Jest of haughty *France* and *Spain* :
 But rous'd at length *Britannia's* Genius rose,
 Still more illustrious for her long Repose.
 Recal, brave *Britons*, ev'ry Virtue fled, 275
 And let the Laurel with Religion spread :
 Gaming despise, and the voluptuous Treat ;
 No Gamester, Epicure, can e'er be great !
 Vile Characters ! unknown in *Edward's* Days,
 When *Britons* won (as now) immortal Praise. 280
 But if some Luxuries our Chiefs shou'd crave,
 Let them be such as sanctify the Brave;

For

For one there is, that gives ev'n Grace to Birth,
The *conscious Pleasure* of *promoting Worth*.

The Royal Mandate and Example join, 285
Sacred to keep the Sabbath Day divine :
But if the Wealthy card on Sunday still,
And boast they're guilty of no public Ill ;
However privately they meet to game,
The Crime, and Scandal must remain the same, 290
Demanding sure his further gracious Cares,
Who with three Kingdoms ev'ry Virtue Heirs ;
Far greater Monsters than *Alcides* slew,
Are left for *George* to conquer and subdue.

Bloated Corruption, with *Briarian* Hands, 295
Encircled deep with fierce, rapacious Bands,
Prompt or to beg, or steal, or lie, or swear,
To fawn or bully-----Place or Bribe to share.

Line 297. *Prompt or to beg or steal, &c.*]

Prompt or to guard, or stab, to saint or damn, &c. POPE.

Enthron'd

Enthron'd with Vice fell Irreligion leans
 In all the Pomp and Pride of Eastern Queens, 300
 Pleasure's their Hand-maid-----all the Loves and Hours
 Await their Steps, and scatter fragrant Flow'rs,
 Whose Sweets, tho' tempting to the mortal Sense,
 Eternal Grief and Agony dispense.
 Here all the Passions riot unconfin'd, 305
 And pour Destruction through the Heart and Mind:
 Here sacred Laws of Justice, Truth and Right,
 Reason and Virtue, Faith's bright Beam of Light,
 A Saviour's Image, and the hallow'd Page,
 Are trampled on with unremitting Rage. 310

Gaming's a Fiend with Harpy Claws and Eyes,
 Of Paper Substance, but prodigious Size :
 Which like *Eve's* Serpent wears seducing Smiles,
 And when it proffers most, the most beguiles :
 The Sight of Gold it's Appetite creates, 315
 And dread Destruction on it's Meal awaits :

Line 312. *Of Paper Substance, &c.*] Alluding to Bank Bills, &c. by which high Play is carried on.

Like

Like Leeches it will suck, like Tigers tear,
 Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Friend, nor Foe will spare.
 Arise Great *George*----the Hosts above reply-----
 " Great *George* arise, and let thy Vengeance fly, 320
 " Arm'd with the Pow'rs of Earth, the Smiles of Heav'n,
 " To vanquish all these Fiends to thee 'tis giv'n."

Of what Felicity can Mortals boast,
 Upon a Sea of Chance and Folly tost?
Plato rebuked a noble Youth at play, 325
 And bid him throw the dang'rous Dice away :
 " For Trifles, Sir, are Dice to be deny'd?"
 Custom's no Trifle, *Plato* warm reply'd.

To **** or **** now, my Lord, repair,
 The Rooks and Bubbles are assembled there : 330
 Ah ! lost to Honour! what Chicane they try,
 Here pack the Card,-- ---there throw the loaded Die ;
 With panting Heart they watch the ling'ring Stake ;
 Ah ! let them win, and distant Realms may shake.
 Unhappy

Unhappy *Lisbon* owns th' Almighty's Hand 335
 Can sink a City, and destroy a Land :
 Princes and Kings in Links of Pen'ry bind,
 And scatter Wealth, like Chaff before the Wind.

Reform, ye Idlers, and be timely wise,
 Heav'n's Vengeance swifter than an Arrow flies. 340
 How wou'd you tremble at the dead of Night,
 Shou'd undulating Earth impede your Flight!
 Not more *Belsbazzar* could be struck with awe,
 When first the Fingers on the Wall he saw.

As soon might *Sisyphus* have fix'd the Stone, 345
 Or *Icarus* on *Dædal* Wings have flown,
 Or *Tantalus* his raging Thirst allay'd,
 As you list here and not their Prey be made.
 These are th'Emporiums of Deceit and Fraud,
 Unrein'd by Virtue, and by God unaw'd! 350

Line 335. *Unhappy Lisbon*, &c.] This dreadful Visitation in 1755 the Portuguese imputed to their Impiety, Gaming, and universal Venality.

Lovecard

Lovecard was held an Oracle at Play,
 In ev'ry Bet his Judgment bore the Sway;
 These watch'd his Motions, and those weigh'd his Look,
 With him they went, whatever Side he took;
 How vain the slender Pile of human Fame, 355
 That tow'rs on Infamy to sink in Shame!
 This Demi-God (by ev'ry *Bite* admir'd)
 Suppos'd so rich, quite pennyless expir'd!
 Hence all his frail Foundations of Esteem,
 Sunk in a Moment, like a Morning Dream. 360
 To Knaves he left his wond'rous Skill at Cards,
Fools had his *Wealth*, and *Gamesters* their *Rewards*.

Portius was born in noblest Scenes to Shine,
 The last, last Hopes of an illustrious Line;
 A zealous Patriot, warm in Freedom's Cause, 365
 Whene'er he spoke Fame rung his loud Applause,
 'Till curfed Gaming, (like a northern Wind,)
 Blasted the promis'd Fruits of his great Mind.
 Grief, like a Thief at Night, stole in unseen,
 And fill'd his Bosom with the Haggard Spleen. 370
 He

He soon (sad Refuge) to the Bottle flew,
 And bid to ev'ry Claim of Life adieu.
 But saw, nay own'd, his Errors when too late,
 The drowned Genius, and the dipp'd Estate.

The gay *Mercutio*, with less shining Parts, 375
 Was form'd to please and win the Ladies Hearts;
 Made to excel in active rural Sports,
 And in the softer Joys of amorous Courts.
 Blest with a Fortune equal to his Birth,
 A Head of gallantry, a Soul of Mirth; 380
 Yet steadily he trod the Paths of Fame,
 'Till Hymen join'd him to a beauteous Dame.
 Two Years they past in mutual Love and Joy,
 Without a Murmur or the least Alloy;
 But in the Third-----I tremble to relate, 385
 He *took to play*, and lost his whole Estate.
 Yet I must wave his fatal Change of Life,
 His constant Gaming, his forsaken Wife,
 His Brawls and Quarrels, Duels and Disgrace,
 His dreadful Curses on himself and Race. 390

(Tho'

(Tho' while he pour'd his Execrations fell,
 Earth seem'd to shake, and ope the Jaws of Hell)
 Suffice it now-----that Phrenetick he ran,
 And in a Mad-house dy'd a wretched Man.

True, Perpetuities are hateful Things, 395
 But *Terra Firma* now, like Gold has Wings;
 See large Domains and splendid Houses fly,
 As run the Cards, or spins the rattling Die.
 What! has *Fabricio* his fine Villa fold,
 Built with the frugal Cit's long-hoarded Gold? 400
 He stak'd and lost it 'gainst a certain Sum,
 To keep (how prudent) still entire his Plum.

Sir *Courtly* hates the rustick, rural Scene,
 The winding River, and th' enamel'd Green;
 But in St. *James's* Park how sweet the Breeze! 405
 The muddy Waters! and the dusty Trees!
 Hence nobly quitt^{ed} what his Sires had grac'd,
 Their Seat of Hospitality and Taste.

He

Enroll'd at *Wh***s*, his Oaks unpity'd fall,
 And leave, quite naked, the forsaken Hall, 410
 Which, with the Manor, he next plung'd in Debt,
 And lastly lost them—at a single Bet.
 No more of these—for blacker Fools remain,
 To close, with Horror and Dismay, the Strain.

Ev'n now, we feel the worst Result of Peace; 415
 For Murders, Villanies, and Thefts increase.
 Ask why, of *F—d—g.*—They—he soon replies,
 From *Gaming*, *Lux'ry*, and *Free-thinking* rise.
 Allow'd, my Lord, the meanest Sons of Earth,
 Embrace the Follies of exalted Birth. 420
 Nor can we marvel, Vice triumphant rides,
 And Oaths, Laws, Punishments, and Pow'r derides;
 As she's protected by the Life in Vogue,
 Which trains the Knave, and vindicates the Rogue.

What made *Benevolus* from Virtue swerve, 425
 The Orphan plunder, and the Widow starve?

What

What made Sir *Steady* truck his Casting Vote?
 Or brave *Mirmillo* forge a Banker's Note?
 What made Sir *Scruple*, with unhallow'd Hands,
 Mortgage still o'er and o'er his *settled Lands*? 430
 What made poor *Florimond* a Pimp for Life,
 And lend, like *Cato*, his prolific Wife?
 What made some Patriots join the cringing Tribe,
 And pocket snug—an ignominious Bribe?
 But Wealth exhausted by inveigling Play; 435
 And Debts of Honour all Mankind must pay.
 The least Demur wou'd wound Patrician Fame,
 And load *Plebeian* with reproachful Shame.

But Lux'ry, Parent of profuse Expence,
 Has left the Wealthy scarce a Competence: 440
 Hence sprung Corruption! hence the venal Fee!
 Loose Manners, Morals, and Impiety!
 But when high Living's lick'd up all their Gold,
 And rack'd Invention can no more unfold,
 Then *Gaming* bids—away, away they roll, 445
 And risque what's left—a Carcase, or a Soul.

Satan

Satan grows active tow' rds their close of Life,
 Infusing Doubts, Despair, Revenge and Strife;
 He drugs the Cup, and ready cocks the Gun,
 And Suicism ends what *Belingbroke* begun. 450

Mark, my dear Lord, when Men Religion quit,
 The fatal Doom of vice-directed Wit;
 By Heav'n abandon'd, Parts and Learning fade,
 And fly for Refuge to dark Error's shade:
 From conscious Guilt at Revelation rave, 455
 And Wisdom infinite blaspheming brave:
 All future Punishment, all hop'd Reward,
 As vulgar Notions from their Plan discard
 (Who live like Brutes may wish like Brutes to rot,
 And be through all Eternity forgot.) 460
 But Revelation drives their Clouds away,
 Unfolds a God, and his immortal Day!

Who fordid Gaming and its Views commend,
 May well the *first Philosophy* defend;

Whose

Whose Tenets soon will set the Passions free, 465
 To sport and wanton like the Wind and Sea.
 Hence half that Ruin in my Pages past,
 Hence all that Murder which must stain the last.

But sure Mankind from dread Examples may
 Abhor the Slav'ry of destructive Play ; 470
 Whose Fetters fly old griping Mammon makes,
 Tho' Satan gets, *whoever wins the Stakes.*
Flyena-like, by soft bewitching Pow'rs,
 He first allures, then seizes and devours.

Ah ! what a Troop of Suicides arise, 475
 With mangled Forms, grim Looks, and ghastly Eyes ;
 Undone by Play !---*Those* drain'd the poison'd Bowl,
 But found no *Lethe* that cou'd ease the Soul :
 Conscience surviv'd to sting their mental Sense,
 In which is pictur'd ev'ry past Offence. 480
These mournful Shades ensanguin'd Daggers show,
 While thro' their Wounds the Blood still seems to flow:
 They

They glide at Midnight round the Gamester's Board,
 And strive in vain to grasp each Winner's Hoard :
 This doubles ev'ry Pang of conscious Sin, 485
 And makes their Hell (from thirst of Gold) within.
 There Ghosts more horrid strike th' astonish'd Eye,
 And for their blown out Brains incessant cry.
 They wave their Pistols, and for Vengeance call
 On Dice, on Cards, and their Decoys, to fall. 490
 What wreathing Agonies ! what hollow Moans !
 What piercing Shrieks ! what self-tormenting Groans !
 Descend and veil them, O ye Clouds of Night,
 Descend and snatch them from our aching Sight :
 We feel our vital Stream run cold within, 495
 Clasp our pain'd Bosoms, and preclude their Sin.

Short is Man's Life ! (dispatch its Duties fast)
 Short as a Winter's Day, or Summer's Blast !
 Yet in this Life what pressing Business lies,
 If an Eternity of Bliss we prize ; 500
 Or dread the Fires which will for ever glow,
 Prepar'd for black Impenitence below.

Ye

Ye Gamesters all, of whatso'er Degree,
Think, think one Moment on Futurity;
And O! restrain your urgent Passions here, ~~or~~
And they'll be gratify'd in yon Ætherial Sphere.

F I N I S.



